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THE CARMELITE

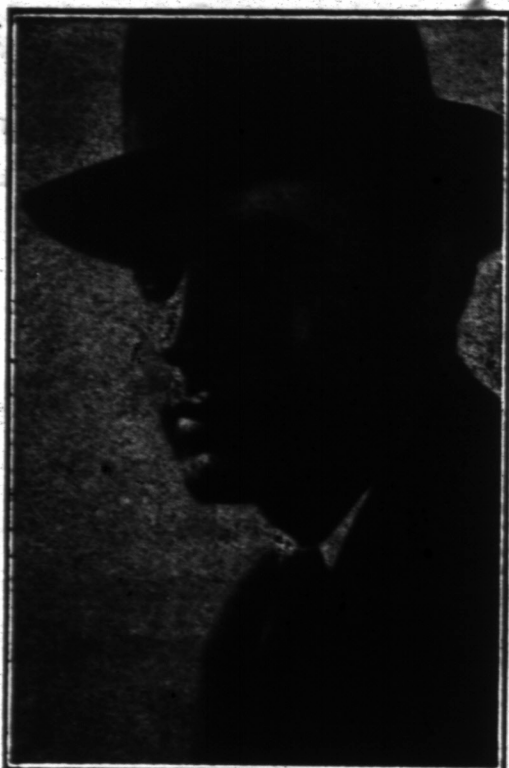
MAY 15, 1929

FIVE CENTS

HAROLD
GRIFFIN



Portrait by
EDWARD WESTON

FRED
SCOTT

A GLORIOUS VOICE

Last of this year's concert series under auspices of the Carmel Music Society, the song recital to be given on Sunday afternoon the nineteenth of this week at half past three, promises delight.

Fred Scott's program of songs is finely thought out and balanced. Bach, Purcell, Schubert, Brahms, Hugo Wolf; folk songs and negro spirituals; a modern group ending spiritedly with De Falla. It is the program of an artist.

We have heard the magnificent voice of Fred Scott singing,—and we know how good it will be to hear him again,—his intensity, his artistry.

It is an opportunity for the younger generation, a Sunday afternoon song recital. Things happen sometimes to the whole musical future of a child through experiencing directly music of such quality.

Here is the program, to be sung on Sunday afternoon at the Theatre of the Golden Bough.

I

Selve Amiche Caldara
Willst du dein Herz Mir Schenken .. Bach
I'll sail upon the Dog-Star Purcell

II

Die Krahe Schubert
Ecclesiastes 3.19 Brahms
Lead Me, Child, to Bethlehem Wolf
My mind is like a peak, snow-crown'd
..... Grieg

III

I tempi assai lontani Respighi
The Piper R. Vaughn Williams
I will go with my father a-ploughing
..... Quilter
Christ went up into the Hills Hageman

IV

Negro Spirituals:—
Go down Moses
Noah's Ark
Sea Reiver's Song
The Weaver's Daughter
Dialogue between Tom Filuter and his
man by Ned the Dog-Stealer

V

El Pano Moruno De Falla
Clavelitos Valverde
Seguidilla De Falla

THE FLOWER SHOW

Enjoyed by hundreds of visitors, the Flower Show held on Friday and Saturday of last week in El Paseo Court was a scene of dazzling beauty. Carmel Woman's Club hostesses wove through the crowd bestowing hundreds of tiny bouquets.

The underlying idea of the show was to encourage amateur effort in gardening, to give new ideas in color schemes, and to suggest choice plants and shrubs which will thrive on the peninsula. It was planned by the Garden Section of the Carmel Woman's Club months ago, and a committee of five women, headed by Mrs. Ralph Eskil, had been working diligently for several weeks. The designing and arranging were done by Mrs. Catherine Seideneck, and add one more triumph to her sum of artistic achievements.

Professional gardeners were invited to contribute, and the following nurseries sent rare and beautiful displays. Mr. Lester, of the Monterey Rose Gardens, sent many lovely rose trees and bushes. These edged the walk from the Seventh Street entrance to the court, and also along the passage from Dolores Street. Mr. Bishop, of Pine View Nurseries, Pacific Grove, contributed a display of calceolarias of every gorgeous tint, enough to fill the show window of Mr. Reginald Markham's Persian rug shop. Other fine plants in bloom were scattered around the shop. The Del Monte Nurseries sent a varied contribution, the loveliest of which were pansies of extraordinary size and color, displayed in recesses along the entrance to Dolores Street. Mr. Burge, of Carmel, sent rare shrubs.

About a hundred amateur gardeners in Carmel, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and Carmel Valley sent plants and cut flowers in gorgeous profusion. Twenty women worked busily on Friday morning arranging and grouping the plants and flowers under Mrs. Seideneck's direction. At the Dolores Street entrance to the Court silk banners were hung, held in place by long garlands of yellow broom. The center

THE CARMELITE
CALENDAR

May

PUBLIC SCHOOL WEEK. The Sunset School open to visitors every day, with special exhibits and class activities.

We. "Potemkin," shown at the Golden Bough 15 in the evening.

Th. Imre Weishauss class in Appreciation of Contemporary Music, at the Dickinson residence, 8:30.

Fr. Out-of-door pageant at the Sunset School, 17 1.00 p. m. Open to all.

Su. Divine Services, All Saint's Chapel, Community Church. Christian Science at 11:00 a. m. Carmel Mission at 10:00 a. m.

Baseball, Abalone League, up in Carmel Woods, 2:30.

Fred Scott, tenor, in song recital at the Theatre of the Golden Bough, 3:30. Last concert of the season under auspices of the Carmel Music Society.

Mo. Weishauss class.
20

of the Court around the statuettes was banked in blue and yellow.

Scaffolding along the walls of the Dolores Street entrance, and the south and west sides of the Court, held a wealth of choice plants and blooms, each the loveliest of its kind. Hugh Comstock's office held a collection of flowers, mainly roses. Among them was a basket of glowing pelargoniums sent by Mr. John Russell of the Highlands. Mr. John Bathen showed two echiums, great spikes of crimson more than eight feet high. A marvellous creamy Yucca reared its nine feet against a green doorway. A great tub of snowballs gleamed from beneath gigantic hydrangeas.

There were some lovely show windows. The Chinese shop had a glorious display in its Dolores Street window, red cactus blooms and begonia blossoms sent from Pacific Grove. In their court window was placed a mirror pool fringed by a formal arrangements of red lilies. Mr. Normand's office window showed magnificent purple iris grouped around a pool, and yellow primroses in the foreground.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Rowntree showed an interesting collection of wild flowers, all plainly labelled.

In a vacant office loaned by Mr. Merrell was held the rose and basket competition, which was the central feature of the show. There were twenty-five exhibits of single roses, and eighteen exhibits of the groups of six roses. Mr. Francis E. Lester was the judge, and awarded the prize for the most perfect single rose to Mrs. Willis Walker of Pebble Beach, second prize to Mr. W. J. Kingsland of Carmel, third prize to Mrs. Allen Griffin

of Carmel Valley, and honorable mention went to Mrs. Morris Wild of Carmel.

For the best group of six roses Mrs. Gresham of Monterey received the blue ribbon and a silver cup, presented by Mr. Francis Lester; the red ribbon went to Mr. C. T. Clark of Pebble Beach; and the white ribbon was awarded to Mr. W. J. Kingsland of Carmel. Honorable mention in this group went to Mr. Reginald Markham, Mrs. H. M. Chase, Mrs. Allen Griffin and Mr. C. H. Cox.

There were twenty-eight flower basket arrangements, all very beautiful. The awards were made by popular vote, and many visitors expressed the opinion that it was almost impossible to decide which was the loveliest. The money prizes went to Mrs. Bergschicker of Monterey, first prize; Mrs. Alfred Wheldon of Carmel, second prize; and Miss Chase of Pacific Grove, third prize. There were three honorable mentions awarded, to Mrs. Hollis of Carmel Highlands, Mrs. Rockwell of Carmel, and Miss Elinor Smith of Carmel.

Mr. George Stone of the Highlands exhibited an interesting and beautiful display of colored photographs and plates of native wild flowers and birds, which were on view in Mr. Comstock's office.

—Sevilla H. Ford.

O. P. M.

Your invitation to say a few words in The Carmelite in response to Mr. Newberry's editorial in his "Pine Cone" puts me in an awkward position. Didn't you see by that editorial that I had already been invited to use the columns of the "Pine Cone"? It's great to have all the editors in a city of a prospective population of 500,000 clamoring for your stuff.

Why answer editorials? Let those who believe Newberry, believe Newberry, and those who believe Foster, believe Foster. Arrangement perfectly satisfactory to me.

I shouted to the housetops, (not "whispered," as Newberry has it), the statement that assurances were made to me that San Carlos south of Eighth would be repaired, not repaved. When there is added the further declaration that precisely similar statements were made before many witnesses at two council meetings two months after I left for the East,—at meetings that Newberry says he attended,—then Mr. Newberry must have been doing a Rip Van Winkle, despite his "education and experience" that he tells you about.

Newberry champions the pernicious practice of employing an outside engineer who is paid a percentage of what he can spend of Other People's Money. In this

one instance alone this policy has cost you dearly. For you have not only spent many thousands of dollars more for the job than you were assured by the Council you were going to get, but also a goodly part of which will have to be ripped up because the work was done without regard for proper grades. If the people had known that the paving of San Carlos south of Eighth was to be a wholly new job they would better have spent a little more money in getting rid of, for example, such an engineering monstrosity as now appears at the dangerous corner at San Carlos and Thirteenth.

The fact that the assurances of the repairing of San Carlos, instead of its repaving, were made at public Council meetings by Severance and Jordan may explain why Bonham, Gottfried and Mrs. Rockwell really believed what they had assured me two months before; namely, that the street was to be repaired, not repaved.

The manifest intention of the whole Council, as conveyed to the people specifically and openly, was to repair this road, and not repave it. And what the people of Carmel want to know is why, in what manner, for what purpose, and by whom, the determinations of these councilmen were changed.

If Newberry can answer these four questions he'll be doing the people of Carmel a greater service than he accomplished with his grandstand editorial, trying to make Clair Foster out a liar. The public can be counted on to make up its own mind about who is telling the truth.

—Clair Foster

REMINDER

This is still Public School week, all week, with a wild flower show and other exhibits and activities in the Sunset School planned for visitors and guests. Each grade has a special afternoon for its own pet project; cordially inviting parents and others to come see.

Friday is the big day,—with its historical pageant, written by the children of the Seventh Grade, and granted a prize by the State Drama Teachers' Association. Accompanied by music and dance, it illustrates great historical epochs of civilization, told and acted in the spirit of their times. The pageant begins at one, and is to be given out of doors.

DETOUR

It looks as though it were a new subdivision under way up there at the top of the hill. Trees falling to the slaughter in a wide swath. It's the new detour they are making for us. The road when it is finished will fit more lightly to the hill, the deadly right angle curled out to a curve.

Personal Bits . . .

As reluctant to depart as are we to part with them, the Ray Boyntons will at the end of this month leave Carmel for Berkeley, where Mr. Boynton resumes his teaching in the Department of Art at the university.

"Getting used to the city again will be awful," says Peggy Boynton.

Worse than that, getting used to doing without Ray Boynton's epigrams and dicta on matters of Art will be awfuller still. Wherever one turned up, if the Boyntons happened to be there, there would be ardent discussion of The Abstraction in Design, or Mexican Painters, or The Future of Craftsmanship in Drawing. And there would be Ray Boynton, with his green eye-shade rakishly cocked over one eye, having a glorious time explaining everything; Peggy agreeing with him with wifely admiration.

And now he's got to go back and be a university professor again . . .

* * * *

Thomas Vincent Cator, having returned from the south, is again in his own studio. He will in future represent the business on the peninsula of the music house of Sherman Clay and Company, who believe in the advantage to themselves and their patrons of official aid in the choice of a Steinway by a musician of standing.

* * * *

The government of the United Socialist Soviet Republic of Russia has invited Henry Cowell to come over to play his music to the people of Russia.

* * * *

Mr. W. W. Wheeler has returned from the hospital to his home on Carmelo, and after two weeks of severe horizontality, is feeling markedly chipper again.

* * * *

Hazel Watrous and Dene Denny have left for some days in Los Angeles, where the latter is to give a recital of modern piano compositions this week.

ANNOUNCING DR. CLUEN

Dr. R. J. Cluen is now installed in the former offices of Dr. R. A. Kocher, whose work as head of the new Metabolic Clinic in the Carmel Woods precludes continuation of other local practice.

Dr. Cluen comes originally from Iowa, and later from Oakland. He spent four years as naval physician during the war at an American base hospital; and was for some time at the Mayo Clinic in Chicago.

FRED LEEDOM SCOTT

DRAMATIC
TENOR

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The Theater

IF THERE MUST BE PLAYS WHY NOT GOOD ONES?

The American stage in the last years has been characterized by an increase in the speed of its wit. The general acceleration brought about by such plays as "Chicago" and "The Front Page" relegates to some select funeral parlor, among ferns in flowerpots, anything of such slow-moving plot and humor as the farce produced last week at the Carmel Playhouse.

"So This Is London," in spite of the fact that it makes a great noise to the ear... the American eagle screams and the British lion roars, O, like anything... is the kind of comedy one has already forgotten by the time the theater foyer doors have swung behind. The plot moves like cold corn syrup,—sticky without arriving. The lines also move at a rate suitable for those of slow wit. We of the twentieth century can scarcely proceed at so retarded a pace. Our minds have read through the play, hoped for better but submitted to the worse,—wrapped it up in brown paper with thick string and remailed it to the author with a printed rejection slip,—long before the curtain descends on the first act.

The play has a moral,—something to the effect that while America and England may differ as to speech and manners, love and the manufacture of boots and shoes are matters of supranational import. In the end, the Americans prove that they can behave just as delightfully dully as their British hosts.... It jolly well takes only fifteen years for an American to pass for a Briton.

But all of this is nothing against the acting. (Our actors come from Carmel; and whatever the critic thinks of the play as a play, they must all have been good.)

Well, and so they were.

Eric Wilkinson was the perfect stage Englishman, monocle and all, apoplectic in his indignations. The inhibited Lady Beauchamp was played with poise and grace by Mollie Perez, new to this stage. Eugene Watson gave a twist to his Harvard accent and made it pass for good English; and Kitty Delevanti, enchantingly pretty, clipped the crisp speech into delicate sculptured bits.

The Americans were ever so American. No one could have accused them of patriotic vanity. George Schmitz as the Big Business man was so American that he was almost deafening. Dick Collins as the son of Big Business was just the nice naive big boy. Louise Walcott showed her usual versatility; and a flock of butlers added to the caricature.

PIANO AND VOICE

The Panteleieff-Griffin concert at the Greene studio on Wednesday last was one of the most enjoyable musical events of the spring.

Those who had already heard Max Panteleieff knew what to expect—but those who had not, were held from the first note by the rich beauty of his voice. It is a voice which establishes an immediate confidence in the hearer—the assurance that there is a great reservoir of power in the background; that the music given forth comes from a wealth of understanding and ability.

Max Panteleieff had the misfortune to lose his music just before the concert—so his audience heard a number of songs which he rarely sings. He was most generous. He began his program with "L'Exquise," by Paldowski. Serenely, quietly, the voice came forth—establishing a sense of peace and remoteness. "Two Grenadiers," with its superb rhythm, was followed by the well-loved "Toreador," which was sung with the power and vigor it demands. Then came the aria from "Prince Igor," by Borodin, and the delicately beautiful Arensky "Berceuse." "The Song of the Flea," by Moussorgsky, was memorable for its hearty humor and vitality.

Among the encores, the little gypsy song at the end, which Panteleieff said he never sings, was perhaps the most delightful. Altogether it was a rich experience whatever he sang, to hear such a fine voice—so perfectly placed—so sympathetically used.

Harold Griffin, the young pianist who has become so popular among private audiences, made his first public appearance in Carmel at this concert. He began with the Bach "Chaconne," playing always with a fine restraint and a true understanding of the purity of its structure. There is a certain clear impersonality in Harold Griffin's approach which brings one of the most significant characteristics of contemporary thought to bear upon the oldest compositions.

The Brahms "Rhapsody" was played with a sense of sculptural form; clean and direct. Its rich emotional content was concealed beneath the simplicity of the interpretation. There is no question about this great asset of Harold Griffin's. He has accomplished much in establishing this fine impersonality in his playing. It was particularly evident in his reading of Debussy's "Reflets dans l'eau," for this is a composition which demands it. There must be the crystalline breaking of light,—an unemotional interplay of color,—or there is no Debussy.

The "Liebestod" of Wagner was followed by a Cyril Scott waltz and then by Greig's "March of the Dwarfs," which exhibited some of the finest pianistic work of the evening.

Harold Griffin has already been recognized in Paris and New York for the quality of his playing. We would like to say that we in Carmel were especially grateful to him for a renewal of our faith in the beauty of that which is impersonal, direct and finely perceived. If he will build into his music, still impersonally, the substance of life as he continues to experience it, there is no telling how far he will go.

—D. H.

TWO PLAYS FOR THE INTELLIGENTSIA

On May the twentieth, Eugene O'Neill's play, "Strange Interlude" will open at the Columbia Theater in San Francisco for an indefinite run. It is still running in New York City, running for the second consecutive year.

"The Front Page," at the Geary Theater, continues.

FOR JEANNE D'ARC

The French colony of San Francisco announces an elaborate pageant in honor of Jeanne d'Arc, with music by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra and the Municipal Chorus, at the Civic Auditorium, on Tuesday evening, May twenty-first, at 8:15. The celebration is to commemorate the fifth centenary of the Maid's triumphs at Orleans.

The musical program, selected by Michel Penha, who will conduct the orchestra, will include "Le Roi d'Ys" by Lalo, as overture, "Pastorale" by Dizet, and carefully selected incidental music. The pageant is under the direction of Andre Ferrier and Lucien Labaudt, well known French artists. A cast of fifty people will illustrate scenes from Jeanne's life as peasant maid, at court, in ballet, and at her death. Ferrier and Penha have worked out the synchronization of music and pageant so that the life of the heroic spirit of the seventeen-year-old patriot will have a thorough interpretation.

The Municipal Chorus will conclude the pageant, at the climax of the death scene, with the beautiful A Capella music of Palestrina.



HAROLD GRIFFIN

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Pacific Grove**The Arts . . .****WHOOPING IT UP
FOR CULTURE**

Is Los Angeles destined to become the great art center of the world? So I was told over the teacups a few weeks ago, solemnly—or to be more exact—excitedly by two men who had no doubt whatsoever about it. "Yes, in a few years you will see it, Los Angeles will be the greatest art center in the world."

Why? "She is spending millions of dollars on wonderful houses—homes of the wealthy—bringing trees from the forest to make boulevards for them, miles upon miles of them, building great "movie" temples, Egyptian, Chinese etc., laying out a park miles long—think of the money that costs buying for her museums all the great treasures of the world."

Woe fell upon me, and my spirit fled for refuge to a quiet old quadrangle in Oxford where beauty brought to birth by love and the sweet goddess and unspoiled by the "almighty dollar" as the daisies in the grass, which each morning lift their golden disks to greet the sun.

From there I journeyed to New Mexico to an old adobe in the desert, built and lived in by the poorest of Mexicans—to a long low room with a mud floor, unfurnished save for an old wooden table, a few hand-made chairs and a painted "Santo." Unfurnished yes, they were too poor to buy things, but replete with beauty. Perfectly satisfying in proportion, color, the spacing of its windows, the open doorway showing a little southern patio, ceiling painted sky blue, upheld by vegas, weathered to a silver grey, each roughly hewn corbel in itself a perfect work of art.

Even the recollection of that beauty brought me a thrill of joy, but with a shock I came back to my tea table, realising my shortcomings as a hostess, and penitently urged more toasted English muffins and Scotch shortbread upon my guests.

And this is what they were saying:—

"Think of the Huntington Museum. Why millions of dollars have been spent upon it. The Metropolitan in New York is nothing to it. All the great pictures of the world are being bought for it, millions, billions, millions . . ." they were interrupting one another with eagerness and enthusiasm.

My heart quailed.

Yes, I thought sadly, Los Angeles could even buy up Oxford and Cambridge, and rebuild their old stones one by one, on streets paved with gold, lighted by lamps hung with diamonds. But the spirit of

beauty that inhabits them—no, she could not buy that. The "silver cord would be loosed" and the spirit would return to God who gave it.

And again I played truant—this time in Old Mexico. Mexico, who inherits her art with her national temperament, from the Incas and the Spaniards. Mexico, too poor to buy even one of those treasures of the old world which belong to her by affinity, yet not too poor to make a great art center of her own country.

And the art schools of Mexico!—a field near the village, a tumbled-down mansion, an old deserted store. Here the children bring their painting materials, or if they have none they are given to them by the teacher; here also come the grown-ups on high days and holidays. The cobbler, the dressmaker, the gravedigger—all to paint or draw, to free their spirits through color and form, joyously and just as they please. The Mexican government, wise in spite of its troubles and poverty, stands behind them, knowing that a country cannot live without art.

Is it any wonder that already Diego Rivera and others have attained international fame?

Since that talk over the tea-table, I have pondered much on two things. One is the nature of Art, and the other the difference between much learning and knowledge, or wisdom.

Learning (it appears to me) sticketh out all over a man, like the quills of a porcupine, but knowledge is more like a deep, silent pool, fed by an inner spring. In the case of art that secret spring is man's awareness of God, in the aspect of beauty—God, or It, in himself, in his neighbor, in the painting of a moth's wing or the fall of an autumn leaf. Inevitably must this awareness express itself, and just as inevitably through the honesty of the true artist it will be in the terms of to-day. Now, what connection have dollars with this up-welling of art?

Can a great art center grow like a snowball by accretion, cold heartedly? Can it be built by gathering to itself the treasures of other nations, in whose birth pangs it took no part?

I am asking the readers of The Carmelite.

It was useless to ask my guests. They were too busy asking questions to listen. Moreover, to quote from Keats, their "ears were dulled with uproar rude,"—the clink of coin in the coffers of Los Angeles.

O, America, the land of my adoption that I love, starving to death the Indians, the true artists of this country . . . and then building "the greatest art center of the world" with billions of dollars.

—Mary Young-Hunter.

POETRY . . .

THE MOUNTAIN WEDDING

Gather branches of the madrone and the manzanita—
 Bear them in from these mountains that love us,
 Stand them by the doors, by the hearth,
 Hang them from picture and lintel—
 The madrone with its wide glossy leaf never fading,
 The white manzanita, white with its winter bells
 Ringing our joy, shaking out all its white bells,
 Ringing our joy.

Bring redwood and fir-boughs, set them green in the corners,
 Fragrant before the threshold, over the porches;
 And for crimson, love's color,—though autumn is over—
 Search out some leaf of wild grape
 Reddened where we walked in the high woods that day
 Talking of love.

And we will have an offering of laurel-apples,
 For the muses' sake, to whom—all nine—
 (And not to Hymen only, the marriage-god)
 We owe and pay oblation at this feast!

—Helen Hoyt.

AMBITION

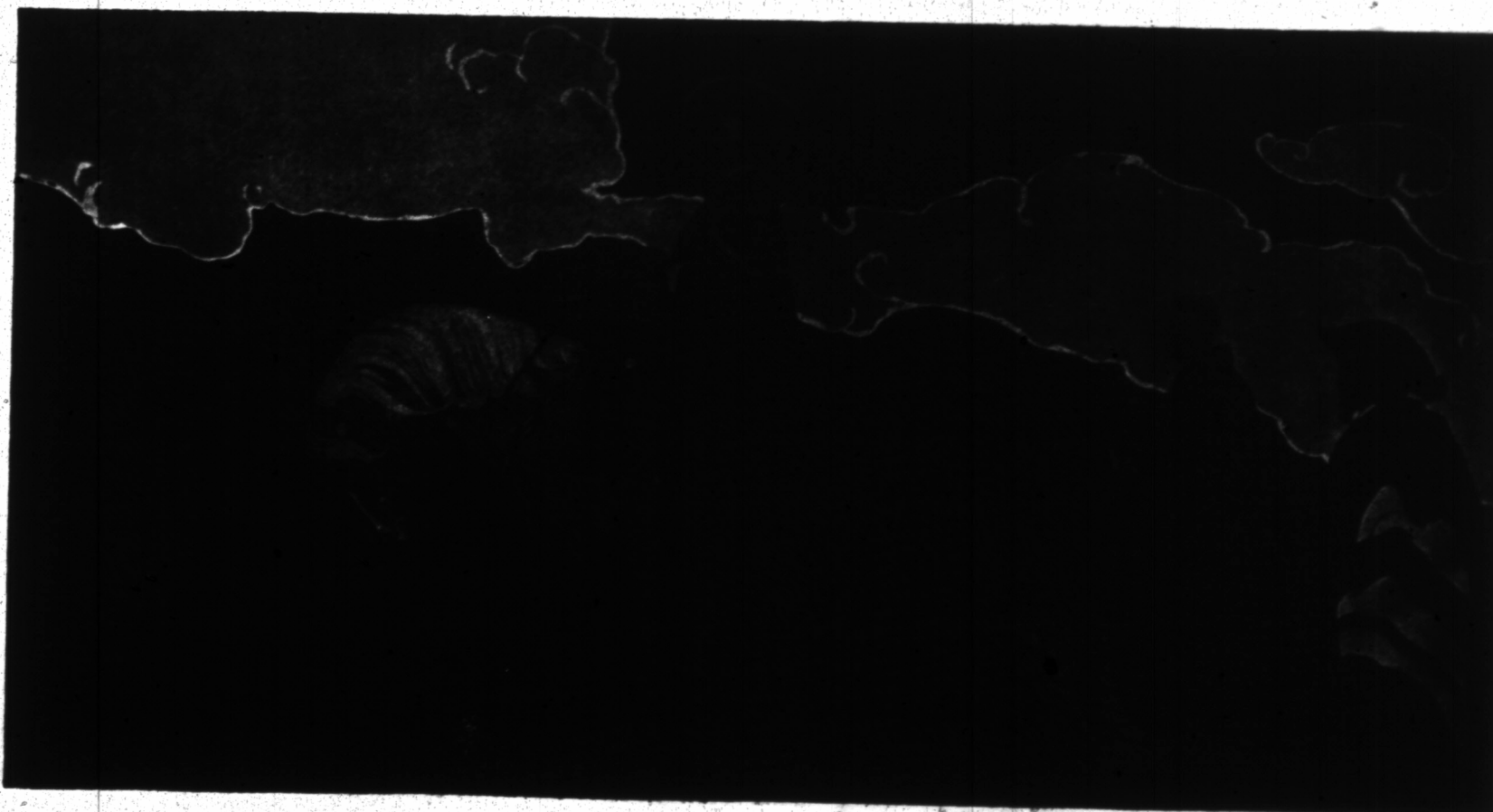
The winds around the tassels of the corn
 Brought to this huddled little place,
 Scent of the field-rose, and
 Of dew-drenched mint along the lake.

Clutched to the crevice of the hills,
 Small, where stooping slope meets slope,
 Ambition in this mellowed town
 Could have for bounds, the hushed
 Anticipation for the moon
 To lift, herself with silent grace
 Above the bice limned hill.
 And magnitude could be,
 The wistful certainness that stars
 Clung in the motile skies.

Yet, where a sable lilac groups
 The silent shadows to a shroud,
 Two lovers, breast to breast,
 Have shattered with their hopes
 The stars, and thrust the heavens
 Far beyond all kin, wherein
 The moon has but the task,
 To bring them lips to lips again.

—David Cornel DeJong.

detail from dec-
 oration in the
 Oakland Techni-
 cal High School



by Maynard
 D I X O N

THE CARMELITE

CARMEL - BY - THE - SEA
CALIFORNIA

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NOW AS TO THAT PAVING

In the manner characteristic Newberry tries in the 'Pine Cone' of May Fourth to make Carmel think that Colonel Foster did the Council some hideous wrong when he stated in The Carmelite that San Carlos south of Eighth Street would be repaired instead of repaved. I can add my testimony to that, of Colonel Foster, and the assurances received were made in public.

Newberry says that for a number of years he had attended every meeting of the City Council; meaning that if he hadn't heard the three councilmen named by Foster give the assurance it couldn't have been given.

If Newberry's own statement is true,—about his regular attendance at Council meetings,—then he heard me, at one of the Council meetings in August just before the Resolution of Intention to repave San Carlos was adopted, ask Engineer Severance just what it was purposed to do with San Carlos south of Eighth Street. And he must have heard Severance say that there was no intention to disturb the present pavement, that the surface of the old pavement would be "lightly scarified," a two-inch top dressing be put over the old surface, and a two and one-half foot shoulder of the same material added to each side of the old pavement; and that the old pavement so repaired would last for from five to fifteen years.

Then he heard Councilman Jordan ask

me, "Mr. Wheldon, does that meet with your approval?" And he heard me answer, "Yes."

If Newberry was at the following Council meeting he heard Mr. Garthwaite ask Severance just the question I had asked him; and he heard Severance give the same reply as he had given at the previous meeting. And after Mr. Garthwaite asked the question Newberry heard, later, at the same meeting Mrs. Fontaineau, of San Jose, ask the same question and get the same answer.

Mind you, all councilmen were present at both meetings. This of course Newberry knows because he was there.

Mind you, please, that these public assurances were given before twenty or more people besides Mr. Newberry.

Mind, please, that these public assurances were given in August, over two months after Colonel Foster had been "solemnly assured" exactly the same thing,—the statement of Foster on which Newberry hangs his editorial. Foster got his assurance and then left for the East on June third.

Instead of letting Newberry try to get them out of an embarrassing situation according to his own questionable methods, my impression is that the Council would have put itself in a better light if they had told simply in their own way how it happened that they gave these public assurances and then acted counter to them with any explanation whatever.

—Alfred Wheldon.

ECSTASY AND FUTILITY

To the Editor of
The Carmelite,

I wish to congratulate you on your brilliant answer to my letter in the last Carmelite. It is a pity, however, that you have missed the point. It was not joy we were talking about, but ecstasy.

As you say, it is a vast issue. It concerns two fundamental attitudes to life... the joyful and the ecstatic. If you will refer to the "Encyclopedia Britannica" you will find that the true meaning of ecstasy is "a morbid mental condition in which the mind is entirely absorbed in the contemplation of one dominant idea or subject and loses for the time its normal self-control."

The ecstatic attitude to life is coloured with this condition. If the earth permit-

ted herself ecstasy, she might forget to give us Spring altogether, just as ecstatic human beings often forget to cook the dinner.

The experience of joy generates energy. What is to be done with this energy? The joy of the earth in Spring is turned into fertility. The earth fulfills her special function. That is the song we hear. It is not ecstasy.

The experience of joy, in Man, also generates energy. But what do we do with it? Some fall in love; some go into ecstasies. How many of us have learned to direct power into constructive channels? Man is a dynamo. His special function is concerned with Mind. The question is, why do we not learn to turn the power generated by life's experiences, toward the fulfilment of our special function?

—Dora Hagemeyer.

Dear Dora:

You tempt me to deviate from the main channel of the discussion, to point out the uses of various abnormal states.

If we must invoke the authorities, there is William James, who in his book on "The Varieties of Religious Experience," writes that he has come to the conclusion that "our normal waking consciousness, rational consciousness as we call it, is but one special type of consciousness, whilst all about it, parted from it by the filmiest of screens, there are potential forms of consciousness entirely different. We may go through life without suspecting their existence, but apply the requisite stimulus and at a touch they are there in all their completeness, definite types of mentality which probably have somewhere their field of application and adaptation. No account of the universe in its totality can be final which leaves these other forms of consciousness quite disregarded. At any rate, they forbid a premature closing of our accounts with reality.

"The whole drift of my education goes to persuade me that the world of our present consciousness is only one out of many worlds of consciousness that exist, and that those other worlds must contain experiences which have a meaning for our life also."

Is there then any particular virtue in the normal,—the average, the usual, as compared with an abnormal state of consciousness in which there is a marked heightening of the pitch of life? When you wave the "Encyclopedia Britannica" at me with the statement that ecstasy is an abnormal condition, I merely wonder, "well what of it?"

The evolution of the heterogenous from the homogenous has been very much a deviation of individuals from the norm.

It is surely from the development of abnormal states of consciousness that we derive our hope of the achievement by man of fuller awareness of the nature of reality and of the universe.

"Nitrous oxide and ether, especially nitrous oxide," continues Professor James, "when sufficiently diluted with air, stimulate the mystical consciousness to an extraordinary degree. Depth beyond depth of truth seems revealed to the inhaler. This truth fades out, however, or escapes, at the moment of coming to and I know more than one person who is persuaded that in the nitrous oxide trance we have a genuine metaphysical revelation."

Which implies again, doesn't it, that our "norm" of consciousness is outwardly conditioned by chemical environment, as well as by the limitations of the receiving issue? Perhaps there are stars in the universe on which there exists life of a kind unimaginable to us, nourished by gasses unlike those of the planet Earth, and experiencing states of consciousness which present and define a world of totally unimaginable aspect.

"The experience of joy, in man," you write, "generates energy. But what do we do with it? Some fall in love; some go into ecstasies." And you conclude upon the note that the ecstatic state is a wasteful one.

No part of me is able to agree to this. The individual who experiences ecstasy whether the biologically-based experience of love, or the rarer state of the mystic, or the simpler directer state of complete harmony of the self with his world, is at that moment alive at a higher pitch.

And whether this produces results, as for instance the doing of any work, or any cerebration from which predication can be made, seems to me to matter little.

Life at its height is its own justification.

—p. g. s.

THE HONEST CRITIC

To the Editor
of The Carmelite:

In Canada there is a weekly which publishes nothing but the truth. Curiously enough, it is not subsidized, but pays its own way. In a town like Carmel, wouldn't there be a chance for a journal of real frankness? Who is going to believe the musical and dramatic reviews you write as it is? They are good for nothing but clipping books of second-rate artists. Everybody is a "great artist"; all the plays are "brilliantly presented." In the end it does not matter what you say about them,—nobody is going to eat a cake so heavily iced. There's no nourishment in it anyway,—it's nothing but blotting-paper, or sawdust, inside.

When your music review comes out this week, are you going to mention Mr. Pan-teleiff's off-pitches? Or Mr. Griffin's

lack of finish? You are not. You will dodge the truth with agility. You'll haul out your slogans again,—"great art," "magnificent performance"... from your usual array of super-superlatives, and wear them a little more threadbare.

What is the use then of all those words?

Brooklyn Rapid Transit.

NOT SO GOOD

To the Editor
of The Carmelite:

When the Carmelite first came out it was hailed as a valuable contribution not only to the intellectual life of Carmel, but even perhaps of a much larger region...

... The rapid rate at which it is now sliding downhill is amazing, and instructive.

The articles consist in the mere stringing of words together, minus inspiration, minus even meaning, violating the most elementary rules of rhetoric and even grammar. In plain English, it is gibberish. Do you wish for examples: Look over in a moment of chastened self-examination the article entitled "Spring Enchantment." "The valleys reach up to the hills, the hills move toward the valleys, in an enchantment of motion etc."

... A mistake may be pardonable. But what is not pardonable is the dishonesty of offering to the world as a literary and critical paper a mumble of rot comparable only to that offered in the magazines of the lowest class of the United States, such as Canada is now attempting to bar.

The "Pine Cone," which has no pretensions in any way equal to yours, offers at least in the field of musical criticism, through Hal Garrott, an article of solid value. Next to his, yours on Buhlig appears like a parody....

The whole of The Carmelite reflects the worst Americanisms; hasty and hurried, slovenly composition; intrinsic vulgarity; and for the rest bluff, bluff, and nothing but unashamed bluff, so characteristic of a certain period in this country which is happily disappearing!!!

Some of us are wondering who you mirrored when you first started! Because it becomes painfully evident that those flashes which were almost those of genius, you must have stolen or borrowed....

Yours for real values,

Yvonne Navas-Rey.

May 11, 1929.

WHY LOWER CASE?

To the Editor
of The Carmelite:

If punctuation has a use, surely capitals have. If a period tells us the end of a

sentence or paragraph, why not a capital to tell us the beginning?

With an engineering training and very little artistic ability, I had the impression that art of all kinds was governed by rules as is science. It was not for many years that I came to believe that there are no rules in art but that it is a question of feeling or judgment or the proper proportion or the fitness of things.

A player on a tennis court dressed otherwise than in white flannels and shirt would be distinctly out of place. A man in an office would be displeasing without a tie, whereas the tennis player would be as equally annoying with one.

Don't ask me why. I don't know. Any more than I know that capitals should be used.

In the matter of signatures, I agree that articles should be signed but not in lower case. I have felt for a long time that everything in a newspaper should carry the name of the one responsible for it. Editorials, articles and news items.

Yours for capitals,

Bernard Rowntree.

RESTLESSNESS IN THE CITIES

There come to us various documents these days in proof of the survival of spring in the cities.

First, poetry.

Second, letters announcing that the writer is about to come to Carmel for the summer and would like to know of any becoming jobs on hand. Authors in need of secretarial aid; merchants, and parents desiring the companionship for their children of cultivated (or uncultivated) persons,—are hereby invited to announce their wishes to The Carmelite, which will in turn pass on the news to these waiting hosts.

PROGRESS

The "San Francisco Examiner" is addicted to twitting Carmel on its artiness. "Nature Lovers in Tears as Gas Pumps Win Fight" is its headline announcing the decision of the City Council of Carmel to allow the two permits recently requested.

"Painters are bowed upon their easels, writers gnaw their pencils, and sculptors bite marble," it continues, and thereupon announces the abolishment of the City Planning Commission.

"The service station permits were granted in the face of a protest from thirty per cent of its voters." (After all, what are facts to a newspaper?) "The council declares that the planning commission failed to function, and anyway, a quart of oil in the can is worth two on the canvas, in the line of civic progress."



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EUROPEAN LETTER

From Edward Kuster

Florence, Italy, April 1929.

It's been a tough, terrific, wonderful winter! Paris, Munich and Berlin—saw almost sixty plays in more than forty theaters, largely in zero and sub-zero weather. The coldest winter in Berlin in two hundred years! Scores of rehearsals attended, back-stages examined, dramatic schools visited, with various lectures, interviews, and visits to theater museums and theater supply houses. Altogether a rich and valuable experience.

In the above enumeration I have not included concerts and recitals, ballets and dance concerts, motion pictures, revues, vaudeville and cabarets, of all of which I've seen and heard enough for an ordinary lifetime.

With the end of March and the beginning of Spring I declared a complete vacation—travelled from Berlin straight down into the very toe of Italy's "boot," and after a week of thawing out in Sicily, a few days in Naples and a week in Rome I now find myself in Florence, where I'd be well content to stay forever, notwithstanding Italian politics and the innumerable discomforts of Italian life.

I haven't seen an inadequate piece of acting since leaving New York last October. I have seen some bad staging, especially in Paris; and the designs of the redoubtable Jessner, in Berlin, proved the greatest single disappointment of the whole trip so far. He is a very tame lion now that he is employed by the Reichstag,—at a large salary, but under strict control. All his designs must meet with the approval of some sort of official board of governors—and they look it. It's the old story: Art, like truth, is killed by over-organization.

Max Reinhardt controls four theaters in Berlin besides one in Vienna, and I hope I am not being basely ungrateful for the courtesies accorded me by his *regisseurs* and lieutenants when I say that it was not in his highly organized plants that the most striking productions were to be found. Nor, as a rule, were these to be seen in the gigantic State theaters, with their equipments running into the millions.

Of all the productions seen in Germany, the most impressive to me was that of Wedekind's "Lulu," in a small theater in Munich. Until this production, its middle-aged director, Otto Folckenberg, worked in comparative obscurity. Not a small part of the enormous success of the piece was due to the marvelous acting of Margaretha Koeppke, whom I saw afterwards in Berlin, enacting with equal skill a rôle as different from "Lulu" as could be imagined. They don't cast players to "type" in Europe, as is our Broadway vogue, followed more or less by the I'll say no more now about plays and American theater in general.

THE CARMELITE, May 15, 1929

players except to tell you that I've translated a thoroughly good play that was one of the winter's hits, and am now translating Hasenclever's "Ehen Werden im Himmel Geschlossen" (Marriages Are Made in Heaven). The play is an amusing attempt at a literal application of the Scriptural saying which forms the title of the piece.

When and where these two plays will be produced in America I cannot now say.

I have had little news of Carmel, each person who has written having seemingly assumed that somebody else has entertained me with late details. I'm about three months behind as far as I could judge from the two "Carmelites" I was recently privileged to see.

You'll be interested. I'm sure, in the rude reception accorded Bela Bartok at his concert in Rome. I had previously found the critics of both Paris and Berlin quick to spot a modernist *charlatan* and to flay him without mercy, in the newspapers. But the critics and audiences of those cities were amazingly respectful toward any sincere exponent of modern music, even when it was manifest that most of the auditors were bewildered by tone combinations beyond previous human experience. Not so Bartok's outwardly "smart" audience in Rome, notwithstanding his evident sincerity and tremendous virtuosity. The Italians hissed, cat-called, whistled and guffawed, and in general forgot their manners, conducting themselves like badly-raised children. You will notice that the program, which I enclose, was not nearly so "advanced" as several that were performed last year in little Carmel.

Judging by contemporaneous Italian programs, Italy's musical taste is strongly reactionary and almost ludicrously nationalistic. The prodigious talent that during the Renaissance went into the painting of pictures, the carving of statues and the building of churches and palazzi, and which in the eighteenth century was deflected into music, has turned from music and now asserts itself energetically in engineering, applied science, business and politics. Whether it will flow back into the old channels no man can say. Surely not in the day of Mussolini, that highly press-agented imitation Napoleon.

All Italy rattles and clanks with sabres and roars with military aeroplanes. This lovely Sunday morning, in the wide Piazza della Indipendenza on which my *pensione* faces, two thousand black-shirted Fascisti lads in their early teens, and even younger, marched and counter-marched to the blare of a band which all but drowned out the clangor of the great bells of a dozen or more churches in this immediate section of Florence! In every considerable city that I have been—Rome, Naples, Palermo, Agrigentum, Verona, Bologna, Florence—the number of soldiers on the streets is appalling. Mus-

Mussolini has caused innumerable placards to be posted in the cities and villages exhorting the Italian people to produce more and more babies. I'll leave you to guess what kind of party our hero plans to pull off within the next fifteen years.

As for the beauty of Florence and its treasures, I can never hope with words of mine to express what they do to even the hurried visitor. I suppose one can never be quite the same after being here. The Botticelli room at the Uffizi,—the Ponte Vecchio—the marvellous pair of bronze doors, the work of thirty years, of Ghiberti—the great Etruscan wall above the city, at Fiesole—the dark groups of tall slender cypresses against the blue sky—but you have been here, so I need only mention these few items to recall it all to you. —Edward G. Kuster.

QUILTING PARTY

Recent Sundays have seen the interesting experiment of a cooperative undertaking in Monterey,—carpenters and builders working at the new landing station, giving their services as a gift.

Little towns can have great fun with this sort of thing. Why don't we do it too?

Our roads, our pathways, our park, are invitations to such group labor. One of the very greatest charms of small town life is the sort of situation reminiscent of the old quilting party, in which everybody lends a hand at a job.

PROTEST IN HOT SEASONS

Why shall we wait in this torpid noon
Beneath the sky, infinitesimal beneath these skies,
Noting the heaven trees, noting the elms,
Shedding the heat like sick laughter and
Leaving the shadows dead on these lusterless lands?
We know the noises come dull and the echoes at last
Repeat in a sigh, and the sun makes scarlet
And limp the motiveless hands.

When shall we rise, shedding the armour and
Drawing the sandal-rid feet through the plantains and the leeks,
And thinking the humorless thoughts in a hapless
Precision, tired of God? We shall come to the ridges,
The cobalt ridges and the tall, wind-ruffled plats,
Where swift goats stand stark, and the hawks cleave
The sun and the merciless fox stirs
From the elders, and the slow throats of beasts
Come slyly from the shadows and warily leave.

This shall be as the cumbersome clouds seeking the core
Of the sky, and horizons convulsed into thunder,
And the sheep bleating an impotent bleat
To the last of the sun, and the reined wind gnawing
The sumach and shaking the culms more than the heat,
More than the harried noon the heated noon. Let it be bountiful
To taste the loitering splash of rain on the lips,
And a generous joy for the eyes to mark the basalt
Clouds crunch by, and the vast defeat of the sun.
Each day gleams its toil, and long we shape the thought,
The hours grow old, and what is willed by God
We bicker at, and dead is the urge to appease,
Standing limp in the jutting heat, mute on the paling sod.

—David Cornel DeJong

YOUTH UNDER THE FASCIST DICTATORSHIP

Mussolini has abolished all the Catholic Youth organisations as well as the Socialist Youth Movement, and the Scout organisations. Fascism now has complete control of the youth. Admission into the Fascist party is only possible for young people who have undergone a complete Fascist upbringing. The boys from 8 to 14 are in the Opera Nazionale Balliala which was started in 1926. The Balliala has an enrolment of 590,000 boys. Its character is strongly military. Boys are treated like small soldiers, unconditional obedience and discipline are its main points. Hero worship particularly of the present leaders plays an important role.

The older youth from 14 to 18 are organised in the Avanguardia with 430,000 members. This organisation is a preparatory school for the party. Every year at the national celebration in March of the foundation of Fascism, young men above 18 pass with solemn formalities from the Avanguardia into the party and the Militia. The presentation of arms to the new members is accompanied by solemn ceremonial. The climax is the taking of the Fascist's oath "I swear to obey the Duce's orders without hesitation and to serve the cause of the Fascist Revolution with all my strength and if need be with my blood."

—from "Pax", published by the Women's International League.

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THE CARMELITE, May 15, 1929

THE BUDDAH OF ANGKOR WAT

It was late in the day when we arrived at Angkor after a long hectic bus ride through Indo-China. The tropical evening had begun when all life seems to come out for a stroll. The monkeys were down in the road through the forest and the birds were peeping as they do in every land before they find a spot for the night.

Across the low banked river that flowed sluggishly along as do all the streams in that flat country was a wide stone bridge leading up to the fascinating ruins. Down this bridge we hurried feeling strongly that there must have been many a magnificent array of priests and kings a thousand years ago, filing along between the gigantic seven-headed cobras supported by a hundred gods, to worship at the feet of their supreme god. The great Wat lay ahead with its massive towers silhouetted against the sky.

Up steep stairways, through colonnades with great bathing tanks and mysterious passageways, more and more complicated . . . Higher and higher with the stone steps always steeper to places where the walls were covered with stone relief. Darkness coming on faster, hurrying us to get to the top with that eerie feeling that there were eyes watching our invasion of a sacred spot.

Bats began to fly out at our approach and to squeak at us. It was so dark in one passageway that we had to light a match. A gust of cold damp wind blew it out. Another was wasted the same way. We didn't have many with us and were a long way from the open. The silence in that huge place was broken only by the noises of the bats. We wondered if it wouldn't be better perhaps to go back. But we thought we could see the end of our climb one long flight ahead where stood a huge square patch of blackness.

One last match was left and that was to be saved for a glimpse into the chamber if that was what it proved to be. We went up slowly, very cautiously, for the thought of some one's being there waiting to rob us or of any living person moving in that haunted chamber would have been enough to roll us down the cascade of steps.

We arrived; but peered in without being able to distinguish a thing, only inky blackness. Cautiously I lit the last match. A tiny wind immediately extinguished the flame. We caught a glimpse of a great seated Buddah surrounded by smaller gods all sitting in a human way facing him, and worshipping with incense sticks long since extinguished.

Stumbling in the darkness we found our way out of that mass of the past into the more living present of the forest.

—An American Student.

ON THE ONE SIDE... AND ON THE OTHER

"But I am not interested," protested a member of Harold Griffin's audience the other night after his recital of Bach and Brahms. (True, he had played Chopin also.) "We are living in the present, and the music of the past has little more to say to us."

Obviously our generation of music hearers is in a difficult relation to music. The music of the "future,"—that is, of the present,—presents to us so thin a trickle of meaning, dynamic as its sheer physical volume is. If to some the music of Bach and Brahms now seems empty of meaning, we remember again the statement of Spengler, in his Decline of Western Man, that no generation can really enter into the culture of a past period. To some of us, then, the culture of the time of Bach is already closed,—with its rich sense of a pervading deity, its warm human feeling, its capacity for reverence, awe, deep peace. One after one the doors of the past close behind us, and from its distances the voices come to us ever fainter.

IF NOT INTELLIGENCE, WHAT?

It has always been considered that the capacity to use a tool represents a fairly high degree of intelligence. In "Instinct and Intelligence," Major R. W. G. Hingston tells how a wasp sealed her victim into the "nest," after paralyzing it and dragging it home. "She first filled the burrow level with the ground, then brought some grains of dirt to the spot. After this came the amazing act. The wasp picked up a small pebble in her mandibles and used it as a hammer to pound the grains of dirt. She hammered them down with rapid strokes thus making this spot as hard and firm as the surrounding surface. Then she brought some more earth, then again picked up the pebble, and once more pounded the earth into place, hammering now here and now there until all was level."

"Instinct and Intelligence" is a new Macmillan book.

SATURDAY SABBATH

Seventh Day Adventists will now have opportunity in Carmel to follow the dictates of conscience. A Sabbath School was opened Saturday of last week in the Community Church, under the direction of Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Eddy, who cordially invite the public to attend in the future. Two p.m. on Saturdays.

Holding aloft above the mists their golden heads
The mountains plunge monstrous feet into the sea.
Tower-like redwoods clothe their canyons
Like hair on the swart flanks of a peasant.
—c. h. b.

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Desti: Untold Story
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Der Ling: Old Buddha

Poetry

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Bailey: Silver Slippers
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Locke: Joshua's Vision
Beloc: Shadowed
Strahan: Footprints
Walpole and Prestley: Farthing Hall
Lewis: Dodsworth
Undest: The Axe
The Snakepit

Christie: Seven Dials Mystery
Fletcher: The House in Tuesday Market
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Wall: Orlando
Bennett: Accident
Arlen: Lily Christine
Wilkerson: Crossroads of Destiny
Macaulay: Daisy and Daphne
Wasserman: Caspar Hauser
Kaye-Smith: The Village Doctor
Rhinehart: This Strange Adventure
Armin: Expiation
Freeman: Joseph and His Brethern

THE CARMELITE, May 15, 1929

Legal Notifications--

NOTICE INVITING SEALED PROPOSALS

Pursuant to the provisions of resolution No. 436 of the Council of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, duly passed on the 1st of May, 1929,

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That said Council hereby invites sealed proposals or bids for the contract for doing all printing and advertising for said City, for the period of one year from and after the passage of the Resolution awarding such contract.

All sealed proposals or bids shall be accompanied by a check certified by a responsible bank, payable to said City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, in the sum of One Hundred Fifty (\$150) Dollars, and such check shall be forfeited to said City in the event that the successful bidder should fail or refuse to enter into a contract with said City in accordance with the terms of his proposal within ten (10) days from and after the award thereof. All such proposals or bids will be received by the City Clerk of said City not later than the hour of 7:30 p. m., of the 5th day of June, 1929, at which date and hour said Council, in open session in the meeting room of said Council at the City Hall of said City, will publicly open, examine and declare the same: Reserving the right, however, to reject any or all such bids.

BY ORDER OF THE COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA:

Dated: May 13th, 1929;

SAIDEE VAN BROWER
City Clerk of said City of Carmel-by-the-Sea.

(OFFICIAL SEAL)

Date of First publication: May 15, 1929.
Date of Second publication: May 22, 1929.

NOTICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That M. J. MURPHY has petitioned the Council of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea to establish and classify Lots 1-3-5-7 & 9 in Block 78 (as shown and so designated upon the Map of Carmel-by-the-Sea now of record in the office of the County Recorder of Monterey County, California), in the Special Zone described in Section E of Ordinance No. 60 of said City, duly adopted by the Board of Trustees on March 2nd, 1925, and entitled:

"An Ordinance establishing districts or zones, therein fixing penalties for the violation hereof, and repealing all ordinances in conflict herewith;" said premises to be used exclusively for the purpose of constructing and maintaining thereon an oil and gasoline automobile service station with appurtenances thereto.

AND NOTICE IS HEREBY FURTHER GIVEN: That on the fifth day of June, 1929, at the hour of 7:30 P. M., said Council will consider and act upon any and all protests and objections of interested persons thereto in the Council chamber of the City Hall of said City.

BY ORDER OF THE COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA:

DATED: MAY 13th, 1929

SAIDEE VAN BROWER
City Clerk of said City.

(OFFICIAL SEAL)

Date of publication May 15, 1929.

REFLECTIONS

These mirrors
Which one short hour ago
Reflected in this room your image
Etched in warm lights and colors,
Now encompass colder forms,
Less brilliant.

These eyes
Which a brief while ago
Reflected your exquisite love
In poignant ecstasy,
Now view the distant mountains
Tranquilly.

—Cornelia Carter

THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY



Extension telephones
are convenient in the office—
they are just as necessary
in the home

Home is made for comfort and relaxation, not for endless trotting and disturbed ease. Well-placed extension telephones are desirable in any home, large or small. Inter-communicating systems can also be arranged. The cost is small. Simply call our business office and say "I want a convenient telephone arrangement".

CERTIFICATE OF DOING BUSINESS UNDER A FICTITIOUS NAME

BE IT KNOWN:—That I, Eugene A. H. Watson, the undersigned, do hereby certify that I am transacting the business of printing in the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, in Monterey County, State of California, under the fictitious name and style of

"CARMEL PRESS"

having bought the interest of my former partner, Herbert Heron, in the business then known as "Seven Arts Press," and am now the sole owner of said business; that the principal place of business of the Carmel Press is in the Seven Arts Building, located on the west side of Lincoln Street, south of Ocean Avenue, in the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, in said County and State, and that my name in full, and my residence is as follows:

EUGENE AUGUSTUS HOFFMAN
WATSON, residing at Carmel-by-the-Sea, California.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this seventh day of May, 1929.

EUGENE A. H. WATSON

State of California)ss.
County of Monterey)

On this 7th day of May in the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine before me, F. O. ROBBINS, a Notary Public in and for the County of Monterey, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared EUGENE A. H. WATSON known to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal, at my office in the said County of Monterey the day and year of this certificate first above written.

F. O. ROBBINS,

(seal) Notary Public in and for the said County of Monterey, and State of California.

My commission expires March 26, 1930.

First insertion, May 15, 1929.

Last insertion, June 12, 1929.

LAWNMOWERS SHARPENED

SAWS FILED
and adjusted.

Telephone

Carmel 785-J

4^{cts} worth of electricity cooks
the dinner for 4 people

About 1c per person, less than the price of the coffee itself—that's the AVERAGE cost of cooking a family's meal with an electric range. Perhaps you never believed it to be so economical.

But remember, the electric rates were cut about a year ago. And today the price of electricity is below the price of electricity in the year 1914, although the cost of other things rose skyward as you well know.

What is the monthly cost?

A survey among our customers' accounts shows that the AVERAGE sum paid by our customers for cooking electrically, including lighting and small appliances, is but \$5.76 per month! An amazing low price for modern comfort, cleanliness and perfect baking.

Come in to our office or a dealer's store and see these modern electric ranges that are so reasonable to operate.

PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC CO.

P. G. and E.

Owned - Operated - Managed
by Californians

PHILCO

far, far
AHEAD

of any other radio
in its price class

--and we will be
pleased to prove it

PHILCO
Electric RADIO
"radio type plan"



Ret Alter's
RADIO 
*Catering to those
who appreciate quality.*

LABORATORY

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Telephone 1190

in preparation . .

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CARMELITE
SUMMER
VISITORS'
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to appear weekly
throughout the season

advertisement rates
upon application